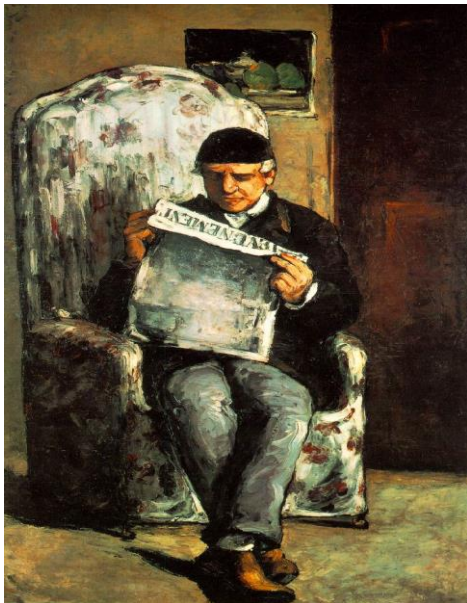


# P. Cezanne

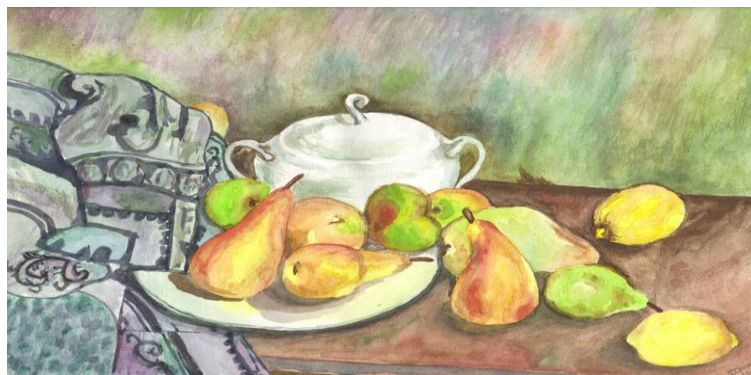
You were born the son of a banker on January 19, 1839. All the trappings of financial security could not woo you from your fascination with art. Against your father's wishes you committed yourself to a career as a painter, taking drawing classes alongside the law school classes that you despised. What began as a brushstroke in the eye of a young adult ultimately would propel you to a point in the history books where Masters such as Matisse and Picasso would refer to you as "the Farther of us all." Your landscapes of French countryside became famous, but not as nearly renowned as your signature still lifes of fruit. You became quick friends with the likes of Emile Zola and Camille Pissarro, both strong influences on your life. You were once quoted as saying "When I judge art, I take my painting and put it next to a god made object. If it clashes it is not art. "Your exploratory images were at first anathema to a traditional art world regime entrenched in picturesque realism and regal portraiture of stiff austere subjects; that world looked at your work and that of your "impressionist" colleagues as something akin to "love for the ugly."

In fact it is surprising that you survived your first exhibition at the "Salon des Refusés", where your works were relegated when they were not accepted by the jury into the official Paris Salon.

1. **The words of a critic can make or break,  
Budding careers that have no stake,  
A written review is soon to publish,  
Whether your art is beauty or rubbish,  
The Intransigent has the review,  
At the Palais of Justice you'll get your due,  
At a kiosk on oceanside,  
Is the article that stings your pride.  
  
Mari will get you to the square,  
  
And berets on, ask the vendor there.  
  
Near a lawyer's house he sells his wares,  
  
But please don't rummage everywhere.**



2. \* For a promising painter, Criticism  
Is not exactly an exorcism,  
Davinci had reviews that haunted,  
To Plaza Rosetti you ride undaunted.  
Arrive soon with an easterly stride,  
To the place that you saw advertised.



3.\* From cream to ice,  
It's now time to roll the dice,  
The Nomade sits on the parapets,  
Of a millionaire's port to which you jet,  
A little English will get you there,  
A western route on the Bord de Mer,  
Over Napoleon's bridge on November 11,  
Time's loss Avenue Verdun will soon replevin,  
A man of letters patiently waits,  
To provide some new career dictates.  
You, fortune and fame did not elude,  
Thanks to the influence of Pissarro's brood,  
Pointillism was the rage,  
Connect the dots on your bag's sealed page.

**Painting by numbers is one of the tricks,  
Jaime Plensa's work will be the fix.**



**4.\* Southwestern winds at your back,  
Take the **A8** auto route track,  
Past Brignole and the maximum saint,  
To the capital of fountains and ancient taint,  
It's where Aix hits the mark,  
Access your hometown after the Pont de l'Arc,  
Park near the center of popular hub  
With famous folks your elbows rub,  
Time for a glass at some bistro?**

On the famous Cours Mirabeau,  
Find where you partied with Zola,  
Before he betrayed you, oh la la!  
In his Oeuvre, a character was spun,  
Recognizable as you to everyone.  
If you are dumbfounded *dans ce monde*  
Find *yourself* at La Rotonde.



CHECK IN TO YOUR AUBERGE NEXT,  
AND A PHOTO OF THAT ACT YOU'LL TEXT,  
AT LEAST TWO OF YOU WITH CLOCK ON WALL,  
MUST POSE TO REGISTER YOUR LANDFALL.

**MARC (310) 779-3057**

**CONNIE (361) 774-7793**

**RICK (512) 913-3290**

## DAY TWO

### 5. \* Morning church bells crack the whip

For the second part of your rally trip,

A “heavy sailor” is a hint,

Just drop the “D” for this next stint,

Your painting’s subject is your fare,

The Stranger’s author is buried there,

On the 296 north and right you’ll bear,

Pertius bound but best beware,

The A51 will get you there,

12K eastward to decanter,

The object of your artistic banter.

Across from town, a château does beckon,

But down Rue Vibert is where you reckon,

A left on Bosco is your next choice,

To a place where people shouldn’t rejoice,

But a critic’s voice has now been silenced,

His family name lies near a man of existence,

It sounds like a popular French two-word phrase,

To reply to “Thank You!” just like English ways.



- 6.\*** You try to corner fame with stealth,  
Your father's death has left you great wealth,  
But the Jas de Bouffan Estate,  
Cannot mend the problems with your fiery mate,  
Paint the towns red!  
Advice that now sends you ahead,

Though you may be Apt to take a route,  
Through Bonnieux hills there's much less doubt,  
Do not race down the village street,  
But absorb the scene that your eyes greet,  
Jump 100 times to goulden beat,  
Through Luberon hills a liberal retreat,  
To a place that rhymes with a raging crowd,  
Or a surfer's ride on waters proud,  
It jingles like a knight's defender,  
Or a car make of American splendor,  
As you head on D-2 and 15 up the Vaucluse slope,  
Think of the echo of a parachute rope.  
Where a castle sits to perch,  
At hilltop's center is where you search.





7.\* It seems like your reputation,  
Has gotten hold of the French nation,  
You need to dance a jig in a papal town,  
Back to the 100 you are bound,  
Through Isle-Sur-La-Sorgue you'll soon be schooled,  
To where Innocent, Gregory, and Benedict ruled,  
Go counter-clockwise around the fort,  
The Republique Gate is your last resort,  
Park as close as you can to the place of the clock,  
**With** your friend Caline you must take stock,  
Across from Sephora next to a Tabac,  
The art critics you must now attack!  
Emmanuelle at the very least,  
Should have a solution that rises with yeast.



8. \* Critics await with a view of the Rhone,  
An entry fee will make them atone,  
Your artistic star is soon to rise,  
St. Bénézet is your prize,  
Head now to the jingle's locale,  
Your next find is sure to boost your morale,  
In the chapel behind the overlook,  
You'll find success by hook or by crook,  
It rhymes with the name of the painter of the piece,  
That you've carried since that morning in Nice.



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## PUZZLE PAINTING



**Mont St. Victoire**

## **LITTLE CLUES**

### **1. Near the Maison de l'Avocat; Tribune Bulletin**

#### **IN PAPER**

**It is with much pity that I look upon the much ballyhooed oeuvres d'art of Mr. Cezanne and wonder how he can possibly illuminate our souls with ridiculous tabletop displays of fruit. Are we as cultural beacons of the nineteenth century to pretend fascination with a bowl that of plain apples and oranges? Like his fauvist partner Matisse, we must ask ourselves: are they crazy? Are they libertine anarchists? We don't need an "impression!" It is only a feeble excuse for an inability to paint accurately. Sacré bleu!**

**Tourner a page 17**

**Page 17 Cezanne Hordure continued**

**Is with hope that this repulsive and pretentious wave of cultural primitivism does not cripple Great France's claim as the premier beacon of art in the World today. These pornographic renditions of baskets of fruit, the blank visages of our nation's peasants, and bucolic collages that mimic nature all sound a warning shot that should not go ignored.**

**CARD:**

**In your native tongue, where choices are rife,  
Recite the flavors displayed in your still life,  
But not before a taste test is “ace” d,  
To Adrian Gafton, to continue the race.**

**IN PAPER:**



## 2. In ice cream

Au port de Vauban vous êtes invités,  
Une tête regardes la mer, ne pas hésiter,  
Sur la Bastion de St. Jaume,  
Cherchez la lettre première de votre nom.

## 3. in Head in Antibes

**If you play your cards right,  
Near Fabrole your game's in sight,  
In a place where two boys play,  
Find the specials of the day.**

## 4. In Deux Garcons Special' s placard

**At 68 Blvd. du Roi Rene you'll find your hoard,  
Park and check in at the Hotel Concorde.  
Four blocks south of Mirabeau,  
Head down Avenue Victor Hugo.**

**5. In Duriens grave/apples container in Lourmarin**

**There is no justice in popular demand,  
A veterans memorial is your reprimand.  
The public's conservative taste will soon cease,  
When the Great War yields to times of peace.**

**6. Card and puzzle in Gordes**

**If with bAkers you now miNgle,  
Please be sure tO sing the jingle,  
An InstrumeNt is proVided in your baG,  
Piece the lyrics together or you'll lag.**

**ON PUZZLE:**

**14 RUE DE LA REPUBLIQUE**

**IN BAG**



“Sur le Pont D’Avignon,/ on y danse, /on y danse,  
Tous en rond,/ tous en rond,  
On y danse/ tous en rond.”

**7. In Pain au chocolat at la Mie Caline**

**The PaRis exhibit draws yoU to game,  
But your cuBist views tells the name,  
That will *brldge* your talent to great reKnown,  
Rotate them for the final showdown.**

**8. Behind plaque at Pont d’Avignon**

Your masterpiece done, your talent extolled!

This work for thousands of francs is soon sold!

Turn it over and you’ll view

Where the celebration’s waiting at the grand Chateau Bijou!

## CEZANNE POINTILLISME

50-51-8-26-27-12-28-30-3-44-29-2-32-15-11-22-21-33-9-52-4-57-46-  
45-9-5-10-38-39-48-47-34-6-20-19-40-18-49-17-53- 23- 56-24-10-55-  
16- 54-14-31- 41-11- 1-19-1- 43- 42- 35 - 36-13- 38- 37-7-56- 25- 50

## OTHER

Catty corner in another room,  
Away from her portrait you must now zoom,  
Cached in a public seat,  
Is the place for your next feat.

4. To a place where Aix marks the spot,  
Southwestern winds at your back,  
Take the **A8** auto route track,  
Past Brignole and the maximum saint,  
To the historical center and ancient taint,  
*Bonne chance!* to find room and board  
It's an auberge called Le Hotel Concorde,  
Once parked and settled you'll sally forth,  
Up the Rue d'Italie somewhat north,

**Find your spouse on the second floor,  
A granite museum is your front door.**

**Or**

**On the main street of this Vaucluse town,  
Père et Fille Davin will bring you around,  
Café de La Fontaine is just up the way  
But what do you do to keep the doctor away?**







Gibragne

